MOTHER EARTH

Vol. IX. December, 1914 No. 10

CONTENTS

	Page
Special Notice to our New York Friends	305
Observations and Comments — L. D. A.	306
The War and the Workers — E. L. Pratt	312
Wars and Capitalism — Peter K opotkin	315
My Lectures in New York — Emma Goldman	319
Emma Goldman in Chicago — Margaret C. Anderson	320
Alfred Marsh — Harry Kelly	325
San Quentin — Rebekah E. Raney	327
A Ferrer Colony	333
Anti-Militarist League Fund	335
Alexander Berkman Dates	336

EMMA GOLDMAN - - - - - PUBLISHER
ALEXANDER BERKMAN - - - - EDITOR
Office: 20 East 125th Street, New York City
Telephone, Harlem 6194
Price 10 Cents per Copy One Dollar per Year

277

Mother Earth Special Christmas Offer

Dear Friends:

You will no doubt purchase some gifts for your friends. Why not combine beauty with purpose? Why not help those you care for to see life in a new light, and at the same time lighten our burdens in the great task of human emancipation?

We have a lot of good and valuable books which we offer you at a very low price. Give us your order and the name and address of those you wish to surprise and we will ship them your choice direct as coming from you.

$1.50 set for $1.00

"Anarchism and Other Essays," by Emma Goldman.....	$1.00
"What Every Mother Should Know," by Margaret Sanger.	.50
Postage	.15

$2.50 set for $2.00

"Selected Works of Voltairine de Cleyre".....	$1.00
"The Social Significance of Modern Drama," by Emma Goldman	1.00
A Play by August Strindberg.....	.50
Postage	.25

$5.00 set for $3.00

"Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist," by Alexander Berkman.	$1.50
"Anarchism and Other Essays," by Emma Goldman.....	1.00
"Selected Works of Voltairine de Cleyre".....	1.00
"What Every Girl Should Know," by Margaret H. Sanger.	.50
"A Night's Lodging," by Maxim Gorki.....	1.00
Postage	.35

$7.00 set for $5.00

"The Memoirs of a Revolutionist," by Peter Kropotkin....	$2.00
"Conquest of Bread," by Peter Kropotkin.....	1.00
"Syndicalism," by Louis Levine.....	1.50
"King Hunger," by Leonid Andreyev.....	1.50
"Selected Works of Voltairine de Cleyre".....	1.00
Postage	.50

We have only a limited amount of books to make up our special offer and would like you to send your order at once. You may send your card or greeting which will be included in the parcel.

Yours for a more rebellious and vital time.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature

Published Every 15th of the Month

EMMA GOLDMAN, Proprietor, 20 East 125th Street, New York, N. Y.
ALEXANDER BERKMAN, Editor.

Entered as second-class matter April 9, 1906, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. IX **DECEMBER, 1914** **No. 10**

SPECIAL NOTICE TO OUR NEW YORK FRIENDS

EARLY in January I mean to begin a series of lectures in our City to extend until the end of April. I should very much like to do this on as large a scale as I have in Chicago, which has been made possible only through the generous support of a few friends.

I cannot believe that among all our friends in New York there is not a sufficient number to help in the same way. We could get the Berkeley Theatre or Carnegie Lyceum for a series of Sunday afternoon or evening lectures on the War and kindred subjects. What do you say? Who will make the first contribution? I must know soon, as considerable time is needed to work up a large attendance. Let me hear from you at once.

Faithfully,

EMMA GOLDMAN,
Care of *The Little Review*,
917 Fine Arts Building, Chicago, Ill.

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THE obscuration of the revolutionary ideal by war-smoke is perhaps the saddest result of the European conflict. Anarchists, no less than Socialists and "intellectuals," were found wanting when the crisis burst. On all sides, at the present time, may be heard the reverberation of clashing voices. Kropotkin's letter to Professor Steffen, printed in last month's MOTHER EARTH and urging the necessity of German defeat, finds its antithesis in the attitude of Dr. Michael Cohn, of Brooklyn, who takes a strongly pro-German view. William C. Owen, in *Land and Liberty,* supports Kropotkin's argument. Jean Grave, the leading French Anarchist, writes an article for London *Freedom* in which he answers the question, "Ought Anarchists to Take Part in the War?" in the affirmative. "Why Belgian Anarchists Fight," is the title of an article by a Belgian Anarchist, Fr. Verbelen, in the same issue. W. Tcherkessoff closes an article entitled "The War, Its Causes, and German Responsibility" with the words: "Friends of social emancipation and lovers of justice will not hestitate to give their sympathy and support to France and Belgium in their struggle for existence and progress." Enrico Malatesta is the only prominent contributor to the symposium in *Freedom* who takes the view that "Anarchists have forgotten their principles." He asks, "What has the present war in common with human emancipation, which is our cause?" and writes further: "In my opinion, the victory of Germany would certainly mean the triumph of militarism and of reaction; but the triumph of the Allies would mean a Russo-English (*i. e.,* a knouto-capitalist) domination in Europe and in Asia, conscription and the development of the militarist spirit in England, and a Clerical and perhaps Monarchist reaction in France. Beside, in my opinion, it is most probable that there will be no definite victory on either side. After a long war, an enormous loss of life and wealth, both sides being exhausted, some kind of peace will be patched up, leaving all questions open, thus preparing for a new war more murderous than the present. The only hope is revolution; and as I think that it is from vanquished Germany that in all probability, owing to the present

state of things, the revolution would break out, it is for this reason—and for this reason only—that I wish the defeat of Germany."

* * *

OUT of these clashing views, and a hundred more that might be gathered, one fact emerges, namely: Anarchism, as a world-movement, has been devitalized and confused by the war-crisis. Its boasted internationalism, like that of the Socialists, has broken down. Kropotkin tries to find consolation in the fact that Anarchists are divided in their attitude toward the war. He thinks that such division is healthy, and says: "One may be sure that in proportion as the events develop there will grow more and more unity in our opinions, the present divergences inducing all of us to go deeper into certain points of our teachings, which hitherto had been taken more or less on faith." But in spite of this statement, there are good reasons for believing that nothing can remove the stain cast on the Anarchist and allied movements by recent events. The veteran Victor Dave, Belgian by birth, French by residence, but ever a citizen of the world, writes from Paris to a New York comrade complimenting MOTHER EARTH on the stand that it has taken in connection with the war. Then he says: "I have no sympathy with 'the libertarians whose philosophic internationalism somersaults into the rankest chauvinism the moment it is put to the practical test!' All our Anarchists here are dumb and deaf: the *Temps Nouveaux,* the *Libertaire, L'Anarchie* and the other sheets of the same kind are dead and gone. Grave is in England, Yvetot lives at the seaside at Etretat, Laisant has left for the Riviera, Jouhaux has gone over to the government at Bordeaux, James Guillaume fled to Switzerland, Bourtzeff has gone back to offer his services to the Czar, who got him arrested (of course, of course!) and so on, all the others. The *Bataille Syndicaliste* is subsidized by the Bordeaux government, in order to be quiet and wise, and not to stir up the enthusiasm of the workers towards a possible insurrection! The government need not fear any such thing: the Socialists, the Syndicalists, the Anarchists, the revolutionists have done away with their anti-militarism, their anti-patriotism, and

the rest of it. Cornelissen has journeyed to Holland, his dear fatherland, to awaken the somnolent Dutch Anarchists and Socialists in favor of the war business. The poor fellow did not succeed; my old friend Domela Nieuwenhuis told him to return to the *Bataille Syndicaliste!* How is it possible that I, for one, have struggled for more than fifty years—half a century!—for the sake of these people! I am quite ashamed to think of it. How it is possible that such a criminal scoundrel as William II of Germany should have been able to turn the heads of such good men as Kropotkin, Tcherkessoff and others? They know, as well as we do, that all governments are reactionary, that capitalism is everywhere upheld by reaction, and that we have only one big foe to fight against —capitalism!" These brave words of Victor Dave will be echoed by many in this hour of trial and suffering. The outlook is black, but it is not hopeless. The present situation will not have been barren if it leads Anarchists in all countries to a new devotion to the principles they profess and to a determination that they will never again allow themselves to be taken off their guard.

* * *

IT has often been noted that bomb-throwing is infectious; and the expert use of dynamite bombs by the governments of Europe during recent weeks seems to have inspired humble imitators in New York. On the afternoon of October 13, a bomb was exploded in Saint Patrick's Cathedral. During the evening on the same date, dynamite was found outside of Saint Alphonsus' Church on East Broadway. On November 11, an attempt was made to blow up the Bronx Court House. Three days later, explosives were found in the Tombs Police Court in close proximity to Magistrate Campbell. Those who know who were responsible for the bombs have kept silent; but it is significant that police and reporters rushed into print fastening the responsibility for the explosions on to Anarchists and elaborating the motives that supposedly inspired them. October 13, we were reminded, is the day on which Ferrer fell at Montjuich. Saint Alphonsus' Church is the church that had Tannenbaum and his starving "army" arrested and locked up last March. November 11 is the date of the execution

of the Chicago Anarchists. Magistrate Campbell is the judge who sentenced Bouck White and Milo H. Woolman to jail for six months for raising, in Rockefeller's church, the inconvenient question: Did Christ teach the immorality of being rich? All of this information flowed so rapidly from police headquarters, and a Spanish copy of "The Chicago Martyrs" was so conveniently discovered in the only one of the four cases in which there was obviously no Anarchist motive, that a suspicion was created in many minds that the bombs were police-inspired. Whether this suspicion is justified or not, we advise detective agencies and police departments to watch their own employees and spies and provocateurs as closely as they watch the Anarchists, if they really wish to know the origin of some acts of violence.

* * *

WHILE war devastates Europe, and sly or desperate men explode bombs in New York churches and courthouses, the poor of the great cities continue to suffer, in most cases silently. There has seldom, if ever, been so much misery in New York as that which exists this winter. According to the New York *American,* the number of evictions in New York during recent months has averaged ten thousand a month. For lack of money to pay their rent, ten thousand families have been thrust from their homes every month and have had their household goods set out in the street, even as did the people of the wretched French and Belgian villages through which the German hordes poured. The number of unemployed is rapidly increasing. On the first day that the recently organized Municipal Employment Agency opened its doors in New York, only four positions were registered on the bureau's books for the 3,000 men and women who braved the driving rain in their search for work. In the face of such conditions, human beings could be excused for making almost any attack upon the present order. The feet of the poor, as Victor Hugo has put it, rest on red-hot irons. Starving men can hardly be expected to enter into academic discussions of the wrongs from which they suffer, or to become enthusiastic over reforms that, in the nature of things, must take years to produce even the slightest effect.

BUT it needs to be pointed out that methods which may be effective in calling immediate attention to unendurable wrongs, and in forcing the hands of the authorities, are often the least effective in accomplishing permanent results. The hope of the poor and exploited, in the long run, lies not so much in their recklessness and aggressiveness as in their power to create and sustain new social forms. To build for the future requires initiative, patience and clarity of vision. The mere possession of freedom is not enough. One must know how to use freedom intelligently. Mexico, these last few years, has offered a poignant example of the kind of suffering and travail that a nation has to pass through in its efforts to realize liberty after centuries of oppression; and President Wilson must at least be credited with good sense in adopting a libertarian, rather than a coercive, attitude toward Mexico. The Mexican problem will never be settled by political reform or political revolutions. What the people are gaining, with so much difficulty, is the strength to take the land and whatever else they need, and to organize a social order that shall guarantee freedom to all.

* * *

COLORADO faces much the same problem as that which Mexico faces—a problem that in this case also, will never be settled until the workers themselves are strong and intelligent enough to take possession of the mines and to use them for the welfare of all. The struggle through which the slaves in Rockefeller's mines have been passing constitutes one of the most stirring and pathetic chapters in working-class history. The Ludlow massacre, last April, was its climacteric point, but the struggle in its entirety may be traced back year after year beyond that tragedy. At the present time, the withdrawal of national troops from Colorado may have the effect of precipitating a new civil war in that State. It is surely the business and the duty of the workers to defend themselves against the hired gunmen of their capitalist masters. But behind the present warefare, and behind the armed conflict of the past, lies the deeper problem of industrial initiative and efficiency. When the miners of Colorado, or of any other State, learn how

to run factories and mines without the assistance of bosses and exploiters—in that moment they will be truly free, and not until then.

* * *

EDUCATIONAL and medical endowments, philanthropies and relief ships for the benefit of Belgium and others of the warring European nations, can not relieve either John D. Rockefeller or his son from the stigma that properly attaches to their name. Charity can never atone for a lack of essential justice. There are indications that the people at large are beginning to understand the real character of Rockefeller. There are even signs that his neighbors are not so anxious to defend him as they were. At any rate, when Becky Edelsohn came before Justice Moorhouse for trial in Tarrytown on October 29, charged with the heinous offense of having tried to speak in Fountain Square last May, she was acquitted by a jury of Tarrytown citizens. Every one knew that Miss Edelsohn's purpose on May 30 was to tell the truth about John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and to fasten upon him the responsibility for the murder of working men and women in Colorado; yet she was held blameless. Seven of those who had accompanied her had been sentenced to two months' imprisonment and had served their terms. U. de Rosa, who had merely come with Alexander Berkman to Tarrytown on the day following Miss Edelsohn's arrest, had even served a three months' term. Miss Edelsohn escaped scot-free. Such is the mystery and majesty of the law! Miss Edelsohn conducted her own trial, and handled her case with conspicuous ability. She proved herself more than a match for the District Attorney of Westchester County. Her acquittal was a moral victory of a very real sort, and is one of the encouraging features of the five months' crusade to vindicate the right of free speech in Tarrytown.

L. D. A.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

ANARCHY—Absence of government; disbelief in, and disregard of, invasion and authority based on coercion and force; a condition of society regulated by voluntary agreement instead of government.

THE WAR AND THE WORKERS

We received the following letter and article:

London, W. C.
3 September, 1914.

The Editor, MOTHER EARTH,
New York, U. S. A.

DEAR COMRADE:

Herewith I am sending you a rough proof of a Manifesto by Comrade E. L. Pratt, General Secretary, National Union of Brewery Workers of England.

Our Union, as you may know, is referred to as "the most revolutionary Union in the United Kingdom." And I thought, perhaps, it would interest you to know what we were doing at a time when so many Trade Unionists and Labour men are acting as recruiting sergeants for the very Government towards which they professed so much hostility.

The enclosed Manifesto is being printed in pamphlet form, and our Executive Council has ordered fifty thousand to be distributed amongst the workers in this Industry where the brewery kings are using so much compulsion to make unmarried men join the fighting forces.

Fraternally yours,

T. ROBINSON,
Assistant Organiser.

* * *

FELLOW WORKERS IN THE BREWERY TRADE:

It is almost inevitable that the eyes of many of our members should be turned just at present away from the Class War at home to that other horrible and bloody conflict now being fought out on the Continent of Europe. But it would be deplorable, nay, tragical, if the reality of the workers' war on the capitalists were allowed, even for a moment, to be obscured by the artificiality (monstrous crime though it be) of the war that the workers of the world are now, at their masters' bidding, waging against themselves.

If our eyes are dazzled by the blinding blaze of this lurid abomination, may it only be that we shall see better when the fires of race hatred have died down.

Our masters are certainly doing their best to make us see even now. Brewery workers know this to their cost. The employers, not content with being robbers, tyrants and slave-drivers, are now entering the ranks of the recruiting sergeants. At a word from the governing classes (who alone stand to benefit from this war) the brewery owners, along with other parasites, are whipping up their men to seize a gun and march forth to slaughter their own working-class brothers. Everywhere in our breweries a dastardly underhand pressure is being brought to bear on unmarried men to enlist for the war or take the sack. We denounce this as the meanest and most intolerable form of conscription that could be introduced, and we appeal, with all the force we can command, to workers thus intimidated to STOP AND THINK before they allow themselves to be plunged into this insensate struggle, this devilish welter of human blood.

Stop and think as to why wars are made in this age of cut-throat competition. Stop and think as to whose word it was that let loose this carnage of hell. Was it yours? The workers of the world have no quarrel with each other. The capitalists of the world may have—that is the logical outcome of their damnable trade. *But it is not the capitalists who are fighting.* In the old days the feudal lord led his men into battle, and only held his lands on the condition that he was ready to fight for them. But the modern plutocrat, with more at stake, has found a better way of protecting *his* property. The wage-slaves of Europe are facing each other in the trenches of death and battering their own brothers behind engines of destruction that their own hands have made (more's the pity) in order that the masters of the earth, hiding at home in their palaces, shall wrest yet more toll and tribute out of your tears.

For make quite certain of this. Whatever the result of Armageddon *you* stand to gain nothing and to lose all round. The English may win or the German may win, but every war is a catastrophe for the workers. You were told at the start that it was a question of honour and patriotism for which you were asked to sacrifice your lives. But the lie, having served its purpose of hurl-

ing you against your comrades abroad, is now giving place to something nearer the truth. It is a war for trade—that is, profits for the capitalists—and you are only pawns in the game. Already the truth is out. The cry has gone forth: Capture German trade, collar the mercantile routes, seize the enemy's markets. You know what that means. You know how much you stand to gain when the masters are out on the warpath of grab. You remember how much you got out of the South African War; and the result for you will be the same again, only a thousand time worse. Death or mutilation on the battlefield, starvation and unemployment at home, the loss of dear ones, a blacker winter for the people than the world has ever known—and at the end of it all, your chains rivetted on you more strongly than ever.

That is the prospect for which the brewery bosses, with their fiendish cunning, are imploring you, and forcing you, to enlist. Be not deceived: There is no reform, or higher wages, or better condition awaiting you as the result of this job. It would never have been started if the capitalists thought that. Your employers allow you only one change of uniform. It is either the miserable rags of your servitude or the Khaki tunic of a yet baser tyranny, the mad tyranny of the soldier fighting his own class for the benefit of the money lords.

The workers, properly organised, could have stopped the war. With a word they could have rammed the bloody suggestion of it down the throats of those who made it. But they were not properly organised. That is to come. But even now they can exert their influence to bring the strife to an end sooner than the masters intend.

To the young unmarried men of our breweries we therefore appeal. Unite, organise and resist the damnable pressure that is now being brought to bear on you. Submit *your* ultimatum. Instead of it being enlist or go; let it be: Hands off, or we shut up the breweries. Threaten the masters' profits and you'll have them dumb in five minutes.

E. L. PRATT.

WARS AND CAPITALISM

BY PETER KROPOTKIN

II.

THE GREAT FINANCIAL HOUSES

All States—we saw in our previous article—as soon as the great industries and the huge trading concerns develop among their people, become unavoidably involved in wars. They are driven to them by their own manufacturers, and even by their own working classes, in order to conquer new markets—that is, new sources of easily obtained riches. Moreover, in every State there exists nowadays a class—a clique, I should say—infinitely more powerful than the manufacturing class, and which also incites to war. It is composed of great financiers and rich bankers, who intervene in international relations, and who foment wars.

It happens nowadays in a very simple way.

Towards the end of the Middle Ages most of the large Republican cities of Italy ended by running up huge debts. When the period of decay of these cities had begun, owing to their continued endeavors to conquer rich Oriental markets, and the conquest of such markets had caused endless wars between the Republican cities themselves, they began to contract immense debts to their own rich Merchant Guilds. A like phenomenon is to be seen now in modern States, to which syndicates of bankers are willing to lend against a mortgage on their borrowers' future income.

Of course, it is principally the small States which are preyed upon. Bankers lend them money at 7, 8 and 10 per cent., and as a rule the loans are "realized" in such cases at no more than 80 per cent. of the borrowed sum. So that, after deducting commissions to banks and middlemen, the State very often does not receive even so much as three-quarters of the amount inscribed in its ledger.

On these swollen or "watered" sums the State that has contracted debts must in future provide both for interest and sinking fund. And when it does not do so at the appointed term, the bankers are quite willing to add the arrears of interest and sinking fund to the principal of the debt. The worse the finances of the indebted

State grow, the more reckless the expenditure of its rulers, the more willingly are new loans offered to it. Whereupon the bankers, after setting themselves up as a "Concert," combine to lay hands on certain taxes, certain duties, certain railway lines.

In this way the financiers ruined Egypt, and later on caused it to be practically annexed by England. The more foolish the expenditure of the Khedive, the more he was encouraged. It was annexation by small doses.* In the same way Turkey was ruined, in order to take her provinces little by little. The same means, we are told, were employed towards Greece, when a group of financiers egged her on to war with Turkey, in order to seize part of her revenues. And in the same way Japan was exploited by the great financial houses of England and the United States before and during her wars with China and Russia.

As to China, for several years she has been partitioned by a syndicate representing the great banks of England, France, Germany, and the United States. And since the Revolution in China, Russia and Japan demand to be allowed to take part in this syndicate. They want to profit by it in order to extend not only their spheres of exploitation, but also their territories. The partitioning of China, prepared by bankers, is thus on the order of the day.

In short, there is in the lending States a complete organization, in which rulers, bankers, company promoters, concocters of business schemes, and other interlopers, whom Zola has so well described in "L'Argent," join hands in order to exploit whole States. Thus, where simple folk believe they have discovered deep political reasons, there are only plots hatched by the filibusters of finance, who exploit everything: political and economical rivalry, national enmities, diplomatic traditions, and religious conflicts.

In all the wars of the last quarter of a century we can trace the work of the great financial houses. The conquest of Egypt and the Transvaal, the annexation of Tripoli, the occupation of Morocco, the partition of Per-

* At the time of the Egyptian "war," in 1882, H. M. Hyndman published in the *Nineteenth Century* an excellent article telling in full of this piece of robbery.

sia, the massacres in Manchuria, the massacres and international looting in China during the Boxer riots, the wars of Japan—everywhere we find great banks at work. Everywhere financiers have had the casting vote. And if up till now a great European war has not burst out, it is simply because the great financiers hesitate. They do not quite know to which side the millions involved will cause the scales to turn; they do not know which horse to back with their millions.

As to the hundreds of thousands of human lives which the war would cost—what have the financiers to do with them? The mind of a financier works with columns of figures which balance each other. The consequences do not come within his province; he does not even possess the necessary imagination to bring human lives into his calculations.

* * *

What an abominable world would be unveiled if only somebody took the trouble to study finance behind the scenes! We can guess it sufficiently, if only from the wee corner of the veil lifted by "Lysis" in his articles in *La Revue,* which appeared in 1908 in a volume entitled "Contre l'Oligarchie Financière en France" ("Against the Financial Oligarchy in France").

From this work we can, in fact, see how four or five large French banks—the Crédit Lyonnais, the Société Générale, the Comptoir National d'Escompte, and the Crédit Industriel et Commercial—have come to possess the complete monopoly of great financial operations in the French money market.

The greater part, about four-fifths, of French savings, amounting every year to nearly £80,000,000, is poured into these great banks; and when foreign States, both great and small, railway companies, towns, or industrial companies from the five continents of the globe present themselves in Paris to make a loan, they turn to these four or five great banking companies, which have virtually the monopoly of foreign loans, and have at their disposal the necessary machinery to boom them.

Needless to say that it was not the skill of the directors of these companies that created their lucrative position. It was *the State,* the French Government, in the first place, that protected and favored these banks,

and raised them to a provileged position which soon became a colossal monopoly. Whereupon the other States—the borrowing States—strengthened this monopoly. Thus, the Crédit Lyonnais, that monopolises the Russian loans, owes its privileged position to the financial agents of the Russian Government, and to the Tsar's Ministers of Finance.

The amount of business transacted every year by these four or five financial societies represents hundreds of millions of pounds. Thus, in two years, 1906 and 1907, they distributed loans £300,000,000, of which £220,000,000 were in foreign loans ("Lysis," page 101). And when we learn that the "commission" of these companies for organizing a foreign loan is usually 5 per cent. for "the syndicate of intermediaries" (*apporteurs,* through whose instrumentality the new loan is brought about), 5 per cent. for the "guarantee syndicate," and from 7 to 10 per cent. for the syndicate or trust of the four or five banks we have just named, we see what immense sums go to these monopolists.

Thus, one single "intermediary" who "brought out" the loan of £50,000,000 contracted by the Russian Government in 1906 to crush the Revolution, actually received—so "Lysis" tells us in his just-mentioned book—a commission of 12,000,000 francs (£480,000).

We can, therefore, understand the occult influence on international politics exercise by the powerful directors of these financial societies, with their mysterious book-keeping and with the plenary powers that certain directors exact and obtain from their shareholders—because they must be discreet when nearly half a million pounds have to be paid to Monsieur So-and-so, £10,000 to a certain Minister, and so many millions, besides the orders of the *Légion d'Honneur,* to the Press! There is not, says "Lysis," one single large newspaper in France that is not paid by the banks. This is clear. One can easily guess how much money was distributed in this way among the Press during the years 1906 and 1907, when a series of Russian State loans, railway loans, and loans for real estate banks were being prepared. How many "quill-drivers" waxed fat on the loans—we see it in "Lysis's" book. What a windfall, in fact! The Govern-

ment of a great State at bay! A revolution to be crushed! Such luck is not to be met with every day!

No doubt everybody is more or less aware of that, and there is not a single politician, in Paris or elsewhere, who does not know the workings of all this jobbery, and who does not hear mentioned the names of the women and men who have received large sums after each loan, great or small, Russian or Brazilian. And each one, if he has the slightest knowledge of business, knows to what degree this organization of great financial houses is a product of the State, *an essential attribute of the State.*

And it would be such a State—the powers and prerogatives of which our politicians are so careful not to lessen—that most of the social reformers expect to be the instrument for the emancipation of the masses! What nonsense!

Be it stupidity, ignorance, or imposture—it is equally unpardonable in people who believe themselves called to direct the fate of nations.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

ANENT MY TOUR AND LECTURES IN NEW YORK

ON another page my friends will find a review of my Chicago exploits by Margaret C. Anderson, editor of *The Little Review.* I am now in Detroit having big meetings. From here I go to Grand Rapids, then to St. Louis for a week until December 6. While there, I lecture at Trade Union Central Federation Hall. I expect to be in Indianapolis, Ind., December 7 and 8; Cincinnati, December 9 and 10; Cleveland at Royal Hall, two lectures in Yiddish, Friday, December 11 and Monday, December 14. At Pythian Temple I give two lectures in English, Sunday, December 13, afternoon and evening. From there I go to Pittsburgh, Pa., for December 15, 16, 17 and 18; Rochester, N. Y., December 20, 21 and 22. Then back to dear old New York. I can be reached until then c/o *The Little Review*, 917 Fine Arts Building, Chicago, or our New York office.

Fraternally,

EMMA GOLDMAN.

EMMA GOLDMAN IN CHICAGO

MARGARET C. ANDERSON.

EMMA GOLDMAN has just finished her three weeks of lecturing in Chicago, and those of us who went every night to hear her have a feeling that something tremendous has dropped out of life with her going. The exasperating thing about Emma Goldman is that she makes herself so indispensable to her audiences that it is always tragic when she leaves; the amazing thing about her is that her inspiration seems never to falter. Life takes on an intenser quality when she is present: there is something cosmic in the air, a feeling of worlds in the making which Hardy once put into a single line: "while universe after universe drifts by."

Most of these new lectures were devoted to the modern drama and were given in the Assembly Hall of the Fine Arts Building. This is the first time in her life that Miss Goldman has talked in just that kind of hall and before just that kind of people. The thing was in the nature of an experiment and was made possible by the efforts of a few people who became interested in her work last year. Their plan to enlighten a certain type of benighted human being—the type that will go to anything which happens to be featured in the Fine Arts Building but that shudders at the mere thought of Emma Goldman in Labor Hall—had its interesting and its amusing sides. But more of that later. The other lectures—the propaganda ones—were given on Monday and Wednesday nights at East End Hall, and in Jewish on Friday nights and Sunday afternoons at Hodcarrier's and Workman's Hall. There were also three Sunday night War lectures in the Fine Arts; and these of course were the most important in point of attendance and general value.

But the outstanding event of the whole three weeks was Miss Goldman's appearance at the Chicago Press Club, where she was invited to talk during luncheon. It was one of the most stirring things I have ever sat through. Picture a large club dining-room filled with about five hundred hard-faced men ("oh! those faces!" Miss Goldman said afterward; "how they scared me!"); imagine their cynical indifference as she began to speak

amid all the clattering of dishes and the rushing of waitresses; and then imagine the stillness that gradually descended upon them as she poured out her magnificent denouncement.

Her subject was "The Relationship of Anarchism to Literature," and she talked to those men about making their lives and their work free and true and beautiful in a way that would pull the heart out of anything but a veteran newspaper man. "You are mental prostitutes!" she hurled at them. "You sell yourselves and your work to your editors or your publishers. There is no such thing as a free man among you. You say what you're told to say—whether it's the truth or not; you must not have an opinion of your own; you dare not have any ideas; you'd die of indigestion if you had. It is men like you who are responsible for public crimes such as the hanging of my five Anarchist comrades in this city twenty-seven years ago." She berated them for an hour; she told them what her Anarchism means—how it can contribute to the living of a rich life; "You call it a dream, gentlemen; well, I plead guilty. But when we can't dream any longer we die. That's what is the matter with you. You've lost your dreams!" She sat down under an applause that burst out like bullets. Even some of the sodden ones looked almost awakened for a moment. One man rushed up to her saying: "I'm a Socialist by birth, education, and choice, but I want to say that you're splendid. We needed just this kind of talk, and I for one thank you." The majority of men there, like the one who sat next to me, said the typical thing: "Of course it's all true, but I can't agree with her." But the most humorous aspect of the affair was the report of it in the Press Club *Scoop* a few days later. A column was devoted to the man who introduced Miss Goldman, giving his speech in detail; and then there was a last short paragraph: "Miss Goldman spoke for the better part of an hour." Not a word of what she had said, though a reporter at the speaker's table had taken it all down industriously. Of course Miss Goldman had no faith that she roused any one there—but she did talk inspiredly! It all came out with such a rush of pleading—just as though she really could put youth and

hope and dreams back into the lives of those listeners. And how glorious she was standing there at the table like some Victory that Meunier might have modeled, soaring straight through lies and compromises and cowardices, bearing her banner so bravely toward the mountain tops.

This is the function of Emma Goldman. She stirs and inspires and endows with new life; and all these elements were strongly in evidence at her propaganda lectures, with the exception perhaps of the one on "Woman and War," which was not so good a lecture as Miss Goldman might have been expected to give on that subject. One agreed with everything she said; but then Olive Schreiner had said it before, and Emma Goldman should have had some distinct contribution to make on such a theme. There are few subjects which so lend themselves her special gift—by which I mean, predominately, the gift of life. Emma Goldman's genius is not so much that she is a great thinker as that she is a great woman; she preaches, but she is a better artist than she is a preacher. "Woman and War" gave her a chance to say things that few other women can say with the conviction which comes from having tested a philosophy in terms of life. Therefore that lecture was something of a disappointment. But she more than compensated for it in her "Misconceptions of Free Love," which was a beautiful thing. The hall was filled that night with many of the people who had been going to the drama lectures, beside the usual East End Hall attendance and the crowd of I. W. W. boys in the gallery, whose chief purpose in going to any meeting seems to be to make a loud noise. The first were in a state of excited curiousity, giggling in apprehension of how shocked they might be—and really hoped they would be; the second were earnest and quiet; the third sang songs and acted as if it were a gala occasion of some sort. Miss Goldman walked on to the platform and began to speak with a seriousness which silenced the tittering ones, though it didn't seem to convince them that something fine and big was being said. They went away without any deeper impressions, I suppose, than that they had been daring enough to go to a "terrible" lecture, and had found nothing terrible about it.

Some of the drama lectures had one serious shortcoming: they were not interesting. Miss Goldman divided her drama talks into nine groups—Scandinavian, German, French, Spanish, Italian, English, American, Jewish, and Russian—and talked each evening about three or four plays which sometimes were not related except in so far as they all emphasized the social significance of modern playwriting. As a result of such an arrangement, all she could do in an hour's time was to tell the story of each play and point out its social value. And she did it well; instead of being indiscriminate and uncritical, as some of her critics have it, she proved how creatively critical she is: she understands what the authors were trying to do and she doesn't distort and misinterpret in an effort to say something clever on her own account. Heaven knows that is the sort of criticism we are looking for in a day when the other kind is so predominate. But it is not enough from Emma Goldman. Unless she can link up a drama talk with her special function—with her own reactions—the essence of her personality is lacking and the thing misses fire. I mean in this way: suppose she were to take one play at a time—"Fanny's First Play," for instance— and incorporate it in a lecture which had for its title something like "The Spiritual Awakening of the Younger Generation." That would give her a chance to be herself most of the evening, instead of being the dramatist's mouthpiece; and it is only by talking of her own ideas, not merely by explaining the ideas of other people, that Emma Goldman will build up a real following for her drama talks. One of the results of her present method was that many people in the audience exclaimed "Oh, why isn't she more radical?"—though as she herself said quite rightly, she couldn't be radical simply for the sake of being radical. What those people meant to say was: "Why isn't she more interesting?" And it was a legitimate question because, with the exception of two or three lectures she didn't get away from the obvious sufficiently to make the series distinctive.

Another stirring occasion was that of the eleventh of November when the hanging of the Chicago Anarchists was commemorated. Several people spoke in various

languages in East End Hall, and the meeting closed with Emma Goldman on the platform, like the "Fire Brand" she was called years ago, telling how that horrible murder made her an Anarchist and compelled her to go from one end of the country to the other urging human beings to become something finer than they are.

As for the lectures on the War—they were excellent and were so well attended that people were forced to stand around the room or, as on the last night, be turned away. The first on "The Psychology of War;" the second—perhaps the least inspired of the three—on "Religion and War;" the third, "The Czar and My Beloved Jews." Miss Goldman was in her element on these occasions, and answered questions with an extraordinary sweep and insight. The second lecture reflected something of her tendency to make her point at any price—to push an attitude into the place of an argument. But even with that it stood out somehow as fundamentally sound. All of which brings me to the very amusing attitude of the pedagogues toward Miss Goldman. They say "let her give us more hard thinking and we'll be more sympathetic." But I have rarely seen one who has taken the trouble to talk to her after a lecture—to argue out a point of disagreement—who hasn't left her with a feeling of capitulation. She somehow always says the big thing. And with all her lack of "science" as they claim, her attitude has little in it that is incompatible with a very masterly essay which John Burroughs contributed recently to *The Yale Review*. He called it "Life as the Scientist Sees It," and it made the specialists look like pygmies. That is what Emma Goldman does. She is always a giant—for some reason that no one has yet expressed very well. Perhaps because, like science, she denies finalities.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

ANARCHISM—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

ALFRED MARSH

THAT brilliant young French philosopher, J. M. Guyau, once said that the individual dies gradually,—that when some great grief affects us, part of us dies. Something went out of me upon reading that my old friend and comrade, Alfred Marsh, editor of London *Freedom,* passed away a few days ago. Unassuming to an exceptional degree, he had been the editor as well as the life and soul of that publication for twenty years.

It is now nineteen years since a group of men and women met in the rooms of a comrade in Camden Street to discuss plans and to try and arrive at some understanding regarding the participation of the Anarchists in the deliberations of the International Socialist Congress to be held in London the following year, 1896. Tcherkesov, Netlau, John Turner, B. Kampfmeyer and quite a number of others assembled at that little meeting, which I also was privileged to attend. The gathering was held in the rooms of Alfred Marsh, Anarchist, humanitarian, and editor of *Freedom,* and it was then I met Marsh for the first time. Circumstances had thrust the editorship upon him through the retirement of Charlotte Wilson, about a year previously. His extreme modesty would have prevented him from assuming the task of trying to keep alive the traditions established by such a brilliant editor as Mrs. Wilson; but his devotion to the cause induced him to accept the post. Alfred Marsh inherited the principles of free thought from his father, as the latter, although a younger man, had been a contemporary of George Jacob Holyoake and was an ardent propagandist in the free-thought movement. His ideas of freedom, however, never went beyond religious matters. He was one of those rarest individuals in England in that he was a "self-made" man, and accumulated a comfortable fortune as a bristle merchant and brush manufacturer. He was probably not worse and possibly a little better than most capitalists, and in proof of this we often pointed out to his son that he had several employees working in his factory for 30 years. Alfred thought otherwise, however, and notwithstanding that he had been educated and trained by his father, who hoped

to see him his successor in the business, he eventually broke with the latter because of his own libertarian principles, and started out to make an independent living. He was a great lover of music and had taken up the study of the violin, at a cost, as his father often reminded him, of 500 guineas. He never contemplated making a living as a musician, but when he quarreled with his father and left, he said, "I will make a living with my fiddle." It is impossible to say if he would ever have made a great musician, but his devotion to the principles of Anarchism and his zeal for the propaganda prevented any great development along that line. Year after year he earned the most meagre subsistence as violinist in one of the West End theatres and by giving lessons. But the bulk of his time after he assumed the editorship and management (for the two things were identical) of *Freedom,* the propaganda was by far the most important thing in his life. Never a speaker, he had no occasion to appear in public, and as his name did not appear in the paper as editor, and only at the rarest of intervals even as a writer, it is doubtful if there are a dozen people in the United States among the many who have seen and read *Freedom* all these years, who know that such a man existed. Temperamentally a gentle creature, of exceptional refinement, one can but smile sadly at how different he was from the popular conception of the revolutionists. Through stormy times and fair times (and the stormy ones far exceeded the latter) he was a daily visitor to Ossulston Street, situated in the slums of Somers Town, near King's Cross, London, where the paper is published.

There was a sameness about his life during the past two decades, similar to that experienced by most of us. It was the theatre, rehearsing, teaching, and the paper; but the latter so absorbed his life that his interest never waned and he was never sad. Several years ago, when he sent me an invitation to come over to visit him, he wrote, among other things, how happy he was in his new quarters, two tiny little rooms in one of those quaint old buildings in Grey's Inn Road. He believed that in the future sweethearts, or man and wife, would live separately, and in describing his contentment in his little

bachelor apartments, he said, "It is a glimpse into the future." I am told that two years ago he resigned the editorship to Thomas H. Keell, who has been associated with the paper now for 12 or 14 years. Keell writes that this caused no cessation of interest on the part of Marsh, and that in reality his position on the paper remained the same as ever.

Beatrice Harraden, the novelist, wrote in that splendid book of hers, "Ships That Pass in the Night," that "the worst of having friends is that they either die or go away." My only grudge that I ever cherished against Marsh in our 19 years of friendship, is that he died and went away. Each of us has his list of immortals, and included in mine is Alfred Marsh. The shades of Edelmann, Berman, Brady, Justus Schwab, Sam Mainwaring, Voltairine de Cleyre, Eugene Smith, and Marsh beckon to me. If we hesitate, it is because there is work to do, work that they loved and devoted their lives to, enlarging the vision of man, with its natural and inevitable corollary, freeing humanity.

Alfred Marsh was all through life a stanch friend and devoted comrade, a lover of music and of humanity. He lived, loved, and did a little work. Salute and farewell!

HARRY KELLY.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

SAN QUENTIN

BY REBEKAH E. RANEY

I WENT to prison today. I was not sentenced—not that that matters. I merely went, for the first time. I only stayed two hours. I called upon a prisoner, and that was the length of time allotted to my visit. In that two hours I looked about: as I approached, as I sat, as I left. I saw two pictures conjointly. They were associated and apart. Asymptotically they ranged themselves side by side on the tautened canvas of Life. One was beautiful.

The pictures began to manifest themselves when I entered the prison territory. They lingered until I left—and after. Two scenes, two divisions, two expressions from a common source. Two differing culminations,

demonstrating, with crushing finality, the horrible, hideous, stupefying, terrible inharmony of Harmony. The placid dominated. Turbulence was in subjection.

Nature gave me her message first in a glimpse at her encrusted sides. She showed me how unfairly she apportions her beneficence. I saw evidences of an obvious partiality written in symbols of Preference on the bosom of the earth. I saw that Nature had excluded in order to bestow; that she had dwarfed while she enriched; that she had deliberately desiccated a strip and, at the same time, moistened a patch; that she had done so designedly, knowingly, effectively. I saw only in spots a faint rebellion to her workings.

I knew I was not looking upon Chance. The work testified Intention. Gazing intently, I discerned that the gauge was jagged, uneven. I became aware that I was reading a record, a record not of accident but of purpose. I saw that discrimination is a necessary part of the measure; that without it, there would be no call on impetus. I saw that Defect is the alarm of Need. Before my very eyes Plenty sat in judgment upon Poverty. Plenty basked in its fullness on the Heights. It did not compete. It surmounted. And one thing, above all, became clear: that the Denuded beckoned, awaited Action. It spoke its silent invitation to Vision, to Power. And it was apparent the final word had not been said, even where Beauty reigned.

To the right of the roadway there was verdure, promise, growth. To the left, there was desolation. A basin of water intervened between the Differences, but one side remained parched. It was as if the bountiful had shed its excess, to have it remain unnoticed. The barren area profited not from what lay at its feet.

A few dull figures, dressed in the toneless institutional garb of emasculated blue, toiled on the colorless hillside. The trees were at work on the opposite eminence. They rose gloriously in their naked flight of unimpeded development. They drank freely of the light, of the air, and expanded in regal stretches. Not so, the rock-stricken area. Inertia croaked from out its depths. The figures laboring there appeared to be men—more men than Man. They moved like driven creatures, slowly at their work.

They dragged out their efforts. They made not one spontaneous stroke at the desert rock they were breaking. Nor was this strange. They were doing a delegated task. They were under orders. As the creaking bus rolled along, they cast indifferent glances at the rattling invader. To them it was as the rock they were picking. It was meaningless.

Nearing the prison proper, there came into view a truck garden, bursting with its succulent fullness. It was tended by the same manner of listless figures who labored with their picks on the sun-baked hillside. In this spot, Nature seemed to thrive in spite of her impediments. The silky corn rustled its friendly greeting to the breeze. The potatoe vines nestled confidingly, and shimmered out gladness in a chorus of green signals. The water undulated cheerfully in the stationary tubs at the faucets. Development was at work in this vale. But there was no hurry. The workers did not hurry. They did not even move naturally. In fact there were no Workers. A scattering of grayish-blue automatons moved in and out of the patches, but they gave little heed to their tasks. Theirs was the drill of the weary, of the unimaginative, of the silenced. They hoed the earth joylessly. Their movements acknowledged the deadly routine of Compulsion. They moved like automatic dead men.

The sun was shining brightly, but its rays seemed only to strike the vegetation. Plant-life alone responded to its appeal. But the sun did not appeal the less for that.

Still nearer the grim fortress, a series of homelike cottages loomed meaningly upon one's vision. They were the homes of the keepers, I was told—the watchmen whose business it is to guard the Ugly, to maintain it. Then it paid to be a Pacifier, to subjugate one's fellows? Rewards lay in wait for those who could and would control others. The psychology of the servants of peace at once became clear to me.

And how imposing was the direct approach to the prison! How awe-inspiring—to the timid! Towering walls, exact masonry, a thundering profusion of inanimate pretense—Goliaths of stone awaiting a David. But there was no David—there.

In front of the walls, mathematical gardens glared at

one brazenly. They appeared to know they were meant to offset something. They were so trim, so pitifully proper, so abjectly conscious of their stilted beauty—blossoming harlots, serving artifice without shame. One secretly wished the walls would topple and bury these strumpets of the soil in the cleanly earth, in order that they might come forth again, unsullied by design. Their very color was stained with the blur of artifice. They typified the Tamed, groaning under the yoke of contraction.

And there were the watch towers, mounds of stagnant conceit and braggadocio, housing the marksmen of the past. In them were the gunmen purchased to shoot at yesterday, unaware that yesterday is no more, and therefore can not escape even their vigilance. Such soldiers aim only at the Old. They can not see the New.

Entering the prison yardway, greater semblances to Man appeared. Each was labeled. But the Man peered out for all that. Some of the designated captives were flippantly indifferent to their trappings. Others showed they felt the sting of imposed definition. It was not the covering that told the story. It was the expressions. There were glazed eyes; there were half-open eyes. None that passed proclaimed themselves above Effect. Each and every man showed the destroying propensities of External Judgment. The vulnerable, in each case, had been reached. There loitered, in every individual, a Respect for Degradation.

A Black Man was among the visitors. He was clean of body and of face. He plainly had a purpose.

We entered the little office and made our requests of the uniformed keeper. He inscribed the names of the summoned on a pad. Then we took our seats. It was not like an office. It was more like a sunlit morgue. Life was, at best, limp in this covey—before we entered, but not after. Life came to call on Life. Action obtruded and stirred the latent.

A dapper prison clerk placed a chair in front of each visitor. Then we waited, waited for the entrance of the Sought.

The Black Man sat in a corner. He was tense, with expectancy. His features registered a struggle to con-

tain himself. He spent his emotions in beads of colorless sweat. He wiped them off persistently, but his efforts did not stay the tide. He was not suppressed for routine or form. The current of feeling had him in its grip. His being answered the uncontrollable.

A mother, with her little lad, sat near. She talked to the child in uncertain monosyllables. He queried, to get her meaning. She talked on, but said nothing. Every second or two she glanced at the door furtively. She seemed conscious of a counter force. She patted the boy, and he stopped questioning her. He had received an answer in her tears.

A lone woman clutched her chair, as if she thought it had the power to relieve her. It must have given her comfort, for she did not cry out. She did not even vent her pain in silent drops of sorrow. But she bit her lips insistently, until it seemed as if the blood must stream from out those red receivers.

There were other Waiters—several in one group; a middle-aged woman, and two young men. Laughter came hollowly from where they sat. They had succeeded in wrenching outward victory from despair. But somehow there was a creak in their joy. Every little while they would forget to smile, and then Realization would poke his gaunt form from out their trembling countenances, and leer, as only mean conquerors can.

The guards looked upon the scene with the apathy of those schooled against expression. They saw, but they did not acknowledge that which crossed their vision. They were obeying a Program. In the eye of each guard lurked the tiger and the lamb. The lamb was on duty—feeding the tiger. There was Sustenance in their attendance. It was clear they knew that.

And now the transgressors of our precious order began to file in. One at a time they came, brow beaten and regular—the bruised recruits of a muscular regime. Each wore the sky-sick mantle of Punishment. Each was hidden, but for his face. They walked, as though they heard the beat of the Time Keeper. Not a man obeyed the call from within—if he had any. Theirs was a scheduled appearance.

They went to their Own directly. There is hope, so long as darkness does not make a man wholly blind.

A little darkey girl went to the corner. One could see she disapproved an exhibition of sympathy. She did not encourage her caller to weep. She stifled his emotional display with a forced cheer. But the Black Man seemed not aware he was acting conspicuously. He smiled at her, not because of her prompting, but because he could no more bank joy than he could smother sorrow. Evidently, he had not known the corrective influence of drill. I thought of the color discriminators; of those who hoist the White Man to disparage his sun-marked brethren. This man, at that moment, was of no particular shade. He was simply human—"all too human." Light is such an alterer of color!

The Father came. He gave and received his public greeting. Of this group, the lad alone had privacy. He saw only the ideal of his own creation. Fortunately, he did not hear even the buzz of intrusion.

Our friend was the last to enter this circle of misery. He was the only captive who betrayed the spark that endures. Written in his expression was the gleam which goes ever unbeaten. That was wonderful to me. I marveled at it. To think that the full weight of galling infliction could not utterly subdue! Here was a liveried Defier. What a spectacle to behold! A wild joy took possession of me. I was glad this man was there. He was a power of infection. None can be touched by the seeing and remain indifferent. His presence *must* affect. I saw the potency of even a silent influence.

I asked him if he were treated well. He had no complaint to make. Presently, I asked him a question which would be considered immodest in the realm of respectability—in the domain of artifice. It was a natural question. He answered me frankly. With terrible emphasis, I then knew the price falsity pays for sham. I realized fully what comes of the attempted imprisonment of desire. It was made clear to me that to suppress appetite is but to change its place of residence. But the thing that interested me most was, to learn that the authorities were cognizant of the facts; that commission was indulged in with their approval!

What counter attractions are words! A man shouts for an attitude. He works for a practice. I am wiser than I was before I went to prison.

Our stay terminated. We left the Valley, and returned to one—not so very different from the circumscribed vale. It was bigger. That was all.

In leaving, I noticed three men attired in the Stripes of the Outgrown. I inquired the reason for the revival of this discarded brand. I was told that it was now employed to stigmatize, incorrigibles, to serve as a mark of obloquy, of punishment to the infractious.

Then, it was not enough to be buried! The victim must stay dead or be placarded additionally by the venom which had enmeshed him.

Songsters of Justice, of Fairness, of Truth, where are you? How can there be a single smile among us when such Shame lies undisturbed in our midst!

A FERRER COLONY

FOR some time there has been a feeling, and one that has increased of late, among the members of the Francisco Ferrer Association that better results could be obtained if the day school for children now being conducted at the Ferrer Center could be transferred to the country. The physical benefits must be large and the mental ones surely not less so. The agitation which is carried on by the Association is both necessary and desirable. But it is possible such activity may have a harmful effect on the children and warp their minds; children require brightness and joy and they can best receive that far, and yet not too far, from "the madding crowd."

Isolation would be as bad for the school as too much activity, and with the idea of a school in the country comes naturally that of a community. A combination of these two things should bring many advantages. The colony, if located near a large city, can help furnish the social life which is essential for the teachers as well as the children, and help call attention to the school itself. The school, on the other hand, with the Ferrer Association back of it, will bring people to the colony, and settle the school problem, a problem of great importance to all people with children who attempt to colonize. In short,

one will complement the other and make of this a colony different from any other that we know of.

We need not dwell on the fact that there are always people looking for a place in the country where they can either settle permanently or have a place where they can camp and enjoy that freedom denied them in the city, suburbs and even most colonies; sufficient to say we know many.

With these ideas in mind a meeting was called at the Ferrer Center on September 24, 1914, and an organization formed for the purposes outlined above. The following general principles have been adopted:

The organization shall be known as the Ferrer Colony.

When sufficient money is in hand, a tract of land shall be purchased within thirty miles of New York City.

When title has been taken, the buildings on the land and 15 per cent. of the total acreage will be deeded to the Ferrer Association for the establishment and maintenance of a Modern Day School for children.

The Colony and School shall be separate and distinct from each other; the former to be conducted by the members of the colony and the latter by the Francisco Ferrer Association.

The price of land shall not exceed $150.00 an acre to the members, with the privilege of buying one or two acres for each adult over eighteen years of age.

Members joining to pay $10.00 monthly until one-fourth of the purchase price is paid in, *i. e.* $37.50. Those who so desire can pay the total amount in at once, and those who join later shall be required to pay in as much as those who organized the colony have paid in up to the time they joined.

A fee of one dollar to be paid by each member to defray the expenses of postage, printing, etc.

Majority rule will prevail at the meetings in all matters, with the understanding that at the meeting where land is purchased at least two-thirds of the members shall be present and a two-thirds majority of those will be necessary in making the decision.

A member may retire at any time, but the organization reserves the right to retain the use of his money

for six months from date of retirement. Money shall be returned in full, less a pro rata charge of expenses incurred.

Twenty-five individuals have signified their intention of joining and some have applied for two acres. Meetings are held every Friday evening, at the Ferrer Center, 63 East 107th Street. Comrades and friends who are interested are invited to attend.

We hope and expect to be able to purchase land not later than February 1, 1915, and sooner if sufficient members are enrolled. We are not anxious to make this a large colony, that is, not more than one hundred members; and we expect to get the number mentioned without a great deal of difficulty. If you wish to join, join now!

HARRY KELLY, *Chairman.*
FRED. HIRSCH, *Secretary.*
LEONARD D. ABBOTT, *Treasurer, pro tem.*

FERRER COLONY,
63 East 107th St.,
New York City.

ANTI-MILITARIST LEAGUE FUND

RECEIPTS

Donations: A. Baville, N. J., $5.00; J. Plancis, $5.00; E. Porter, Boston, $1.00; Wm.| Kley, Denver, $5.00; J. S. Fijita, Bkl., $1.00; T. Jackson, $1.00; collection Reception Tarrytown Prisoners, per Sam Hartman, $5.75; J. F. Linton, Chicago, $1.00; J. Fishman, St. Louis, $1.00; Dr. J. P. Warbasse, N. Y., $10.00; C. Tucci, Phila., 50c; L. Janelli, 25c; G. Desiderio, 25c; collection Anti-Milit. meeting, $1.40; Int. Prop. League, Chi., per T. Appel, $3.05; E. O'Hare, Steubenville, O., $5.00; E. White, Mahwah, N. J., $1.00; F. Capitolo, Indianap., $1.00; collect. street meeting, 30c; collect. meet. A. M. L., $1.01; J. Kirshner, Bklyn., $1.00; A. Erath, New Orleans, 25c; collect. meet. A. M. L., $1.25; collect. for J. H., $2.00; M. Gilbin, $2.00; C. Boecklin, $1.00; W. Kipfer, $5.00; M. Alotzky, 50c; B. Fearey, $1.25; Anna Fisher, Newark, N. J., $1.00; H. Wilkes, 10c; Loan from A. Levitt, $10.00; E. Klepper, $1.00; D. G. Tucker, $5.00; K. Schoepke, N. J., $1.00; W. T. Tabb, $100; N. Fingold, Boston, $1.00. Rec'd for Ball Tickets, $77.00; ball office receipts, $125.10; flowers, $14.30; buffet, $53.00; Bazaar, $30.70. Total—$383.96.

EXPENDITURES

Deficit, as per Sept. M. E. acc't, $11.34; printing, Sachs & Steinfeld, $23.00; typewr. letters, $3.45; postage, $20.00; deposit ball hall, $7.00; comm. exp., $3.00; exp., $2.05; stamps, $5.25; to released prisoners, $2.00; meeting hall, $1.00; comm., 65c; stamps per J. S., $10.00; cartage, 50c; Ad. F. A. S., $2.00; hall rent, $1.00; to Fagan for ex-pris., $2.00; Ital. Com., $3.00; postage, $3.85; hall rent, $125; Tarryt. exp., $2.00; A. M. It. Com., $3.50; Comm. Exp., $4.00; for Buffet, $10.00; acc't play, $5.00; Ads., $5.00; Comm., $1.70; postage,

$1.00; to Mrs. Balkin, acc't play, $2.00; Buffet, $26.55; Lenox Casino Hall, $48.00; Incid. hall, $3.40; Music, $31.00; Wheel, $1.00; Ital. Comm., $5.00; acc't Ads., $4.40; acc't Buffet, $3.42; Exp. Comm., $4.50; repairs damaged play goods, $1.50; miscell., $1.10; balance to printer, $8.25; to Canc. Comm., $7.00; Exp. Play Comm., 65c; Expense Tarryt. trial, $6.70; Return of loans—to J. S., $1.00; to H. Fisher, $10.00; to A. Levitt, $10.00. To Rev. Activities in Italy, per F. Cancillieri, $35.00. To Rangel-Cline Defense, $35.00. Total, $380.01.

Balance on hand, $3.95.

ALEXANDER BERKMAN, Treas.

ALEXANDER BERKMAN DATES

(Owing to pressure of time, I must postpone my Odyssey till the next issue of the magazine.)

CHICAGO.

At Masonic Temple.

Sunday, Dec. 6th, 3 P. M.:
WAR AND CULTURE.

Sunday, Dec. 6th, 8 P. M.:
THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CRIME AND PRISONS.

Admission, 25 cents.

Meetings are also being arranged for Dec. 8th, 9th and 11th.

Tickets and information to be had at THE LITTLE REVIEW, 917 Fine Arts Bldg.

MILWAUKEE.

Sunday, Dec. 13th, afternoon and evening. Subjects:
ANARCHISM VS. SOCIALISM.
THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

Information and tickets to be had from Leo Kopczinski, 1495 25th St., and M. Weissmann, 727 8th St.

MADISON, WIS.

Will be in the city Dec. 14th, 15th and 16th. Watch the local papers.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

At Federation Hall.

Sunday, Dec. 20th, 3 P. M.:
WAR AND THE WORKERS.

Sunday, Dec. 20th, 8 P. M.:
THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

Tuesday, Dec. 22nd, 8 P. M.:
ANARCHISM VS. SOCIALISM.

Admission, 15 cents.

Information and tickets to be had from J. Gabriel Soltis, 232 Cedar Ave., and Ruth Olson, 1034 18th Ave. N. E.

Till Christmas mail will reach me c/o THE LITTLE REVIEW, 917 Fine Arts Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Comrades and groups wishing dates please communicate with me AT ONCE.

ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

The Selected Works

OF

Voltairine de Cleyre

This volume of America's foremost literary rebel and Anarchist propagandist contains a choice selection of her poems, essays, sociological discourses, sketches and stories, which have proved a source of great inspiration to the revolutionary movement during the last twenty years.

Edited by Alexander Berkman

Biographical Sketch by Hippolyte Havel

Over 500 pp., cloth, with portrait of the author.
Tastefully printed and bound.

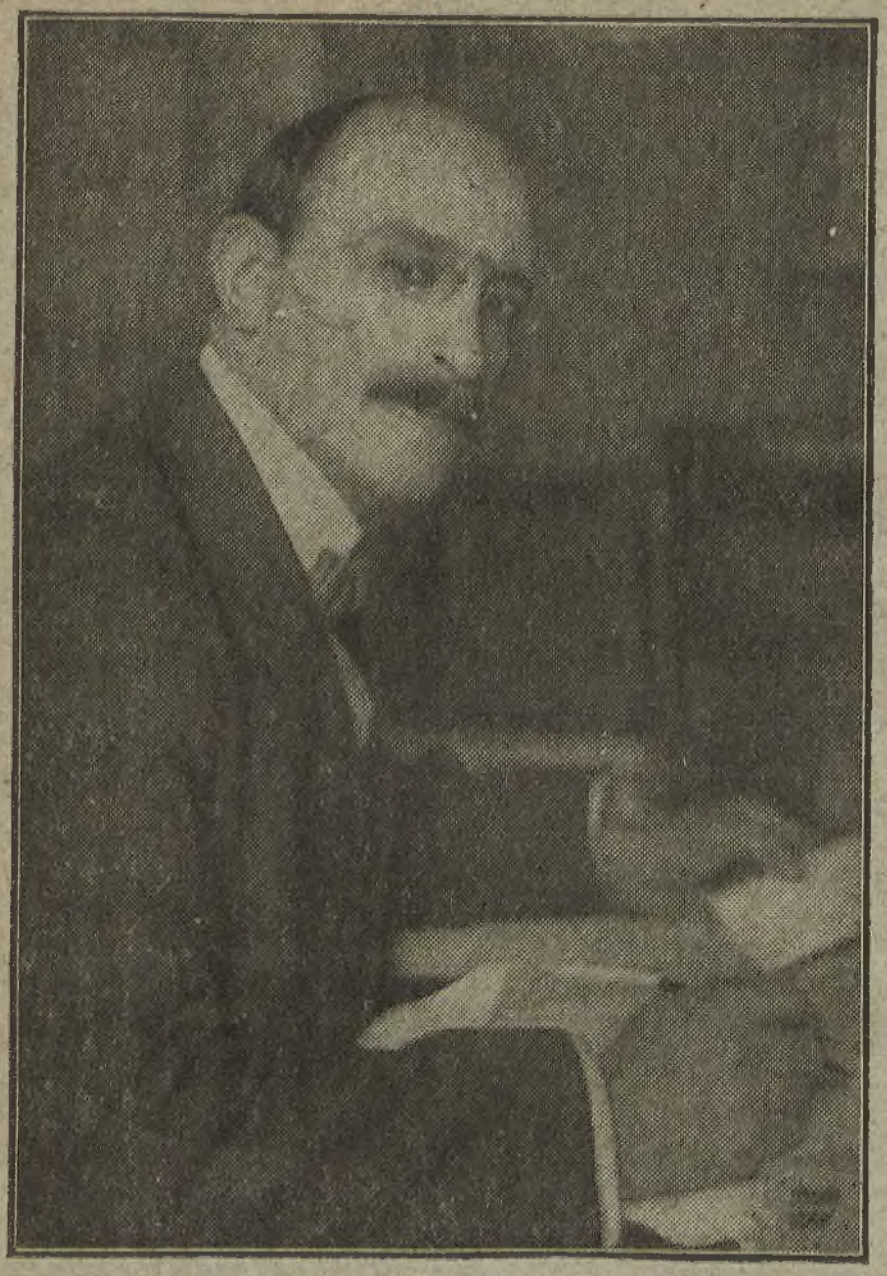
$1.00 Net. By Mail, $1.15

MOTHER EARTH PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

20 East 125th Street

New York

PRISON MEMOIRS OF AN ANARCHIST



BY

ALEXANDER BERKMAN

The PRISON MEMOIRS OF AN ANARCHIST, by ALEXANDER BERKMAN, is one of the most powerful studies of prison life and revolutionary psychology. The author has been compared to Dostoyevsky, Turgenev and Tolstoy. Magazine and newspaper reviewers are divided in their estimate of this work, some considering it a great literary masterpiece, while others have denounced it as revolutionary and immoral.

Introductory by HUTCHINS HAPGOOD

---

544 pages, cloth, with portraits of the author and illustrations

$1.25. Postpaid, $1.40

MOTHER EARTH PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

Headquarters for Anarchist Literature

20 East 125th Street, New York